

VOL. 13, NO. 88.

CONNELLVILLE, PA., MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 22, 1915.

EIGHT PAGES.

SCANDANAVIANS ON
VERGE OF WAR OVER
GERMANS' BLOCKADENeutral Countries' Discuss
Complications Following
Loss of Ships.

TEUTONS ARE HOLDING GROUND

Military Experts Now Believe Out-
come of the Fighting in East Will
Depend on Success of Operations in
the Carpathian Mountain Passes.

By Associated Press.
LONDON, Feb. 22.—Germany's submarine blockade continues to be the chief topic of interest in the United Kingdom, although British shipping apparently is moving with its usual freedom. The Scandinavian neutrals, however, are showing much alarm over the situation, a great sensation having been caused in those countries by the torpedoing of the Norwegian steamship Helgeland off Folkestone last week.

Representatives of the Scandinavian governments are holding another conference today, the outcome of which is awaited with much interest by neutral shipping. The question of a naval embargo, it is understood, is being seriously considered at the conference, but the guarded comments of the newspapers show that it is clearly recognized that such a step might lead to war.

The question of the right of the crews of five Danish ships to refuse to sail from English ports is now before a court which is considering their excuse that Germany is not likely to respect a neutral flag.

Following the incident which seems to have made Sunday a popular day for such raids, a lone German aeroplane flew over several East Coast towns last night, dropping bombs which did only slight material damage and caused little alarm.

Fighting in the Carpathian mountains still is being fiercely prosecuted by the Russians and the Austro-German forces, but apparently without decisive results for either side. Those mountain passes are now recognized by army men as forming the most difficult section of the long eastern battle front and the impression is growing among military observers in London that the other movements of both the Russians and the Germans are merely strategic if operations are designed to affect the strategic position of the Carpathian mountains.

The French claim officially not only to have repulsed German counter attacks in the Champagne region, but to have captured and destroyed German trenches to the north and east of the woods taken the day before.

At the eastern end of the western front the Germans have moved forward on the Alsatian flank of the Vosges mountains in the region west of Colmar.

SHORTAGE OF RAILROADS
COSTS RUSSIANS DEAR

By Associated Press.
PETROGRAD, Feb. 22.—Explanation of the Russian retreat from East Prussia is contained in a communication given out last night by the general staff.

Successes of the German coup it attributed largely to the lack of strategic railways which prevented the Russians from concentrating "with necessary rapidity or our East Prussian front, for the purpose of warding off the drive of the enemy."

UNKNOWN MERCHANTMAN
CHASES BRITISH MAIL BOAT.

By Associated Press.
PLYMOUTH, England, via London, Feb. 22.—The Eastern Daily Mercury says that when the Australian mail boat, Mada, left Plymouth, a passenger aboard was entering the English channel Saturday afternoon, she was ordered to stop by an unknown armed merchantman.

The mail boat ignored the order and made Plymouth, whereupon the merchantman fired five shells at her, although they all fell short. The Mada reached Plymouth safely.

WAR DEPARTMENT SEEKS
DETAILS OF EVELYN

By Associated Press.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 22.—Secretary Daniels today ordered Commander Walter H. Gerhardt, American naval attaché at Berlin, to investigate and make a full report on the destruction of the American steamer Evelyn, so far official advisers merely have reported the sinking of the vessel and her cargo, but gave no details.

Secretary Daniels explained that his purpose in directing an inquiry after the steamer was to call upon the ambassador at London and Berlin for a report as to whether technical information on which perhaps might not be included in the ambassador's replies. It was, of course, understood that Commander Gerhardt, an American attaché at the American embassy at Berlin, would be guided entirely by Ambassador Gerard in making his investigation.

It was said at the Navy Department that from present indications it will be difficult for the naval officer to secure exact information of what actually destroyed the Evelyn.

The minister from the Netherlands called at the State Department early today to inquire what reports this government had received about the case. He said he had no official report of the destruction of the vessel.

Chairman Stone of the Senate Foreign relations committee said he could

Sarah Bernhardt Undergoes
Operation; Her Leg is Amputated

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT

BORDAUX, via Paris, Feb. 22.—The right leg of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, the famous tragedienne, was amputated today at the St. Augustin Hospital at Archon.

No complications arising from the destruction of the Evelyn.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—William L. Hurel, of the firm which owned the steamship Evelyn, which in the North Sea yesterday, said today that his firm would make no protest to the State Department as he considered the loss of the ship due to a war risk which he had taken.

CAPTURED RUSSIANS NOW
NUMBER MORE THAN 100,000

By Associated Press.
BERLIN, via London, Feb. 22.—The German official statement issued today announced that the capture in the battle of the Marston Lake district of East Prussia have been increased to seven generals and more than 100,000 men. The places of capture numbered 150.

Another hostile trench in the Ypres region had been taken by the Germans while in this attack the most officers and more than 1,000 men have been taken prisoners in recent encounters.

In the east the pursuit of the Russians has come to an end. New battles appear to be developing at Grodno and north of Minsk.

The Russian army is considered as having been destroyed. The situation in Poland and south of the Vistula is unchanged.

INDIANS SUBDUED

posse Wins Desperate Battle With
Plato Braves

By Associated Press.
DENVER, Colo., Feb. 22.—Advices from Grayson, Utah, by telephone to Denver, Colo., today stated that the tribe of Indians under "Ten-Nick," which fought a desperate battle yesterday with a posse commanded by United States Marshal A. Nebeker, had been surrounded in Cottonwood Gulch, near that place.

Leaders of the reinforced posse escorted to the attack, unless the Indians surrender. The telephone line from Grayson to bluff has been out of commission much of the time since early last evening. As nearly as could be learned at Grayson, the whites have been reinforced by armed men from the nearby settlements and ranches.

CUP RACE POSTPONED.

Bad Track Causes Auto Event to Go
Over for a Week.

By Associated Press.
SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 22.—On account of the unsatisfactory condition of the course and threatening weather, the Vanderbilt Cup race was postponed today until one week from Saturday.

The drivers made one exhibition round of the course for the benefit of the spectators.

Daughter is Born.

A daughter was born yesterday morning to Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Snyder of East Fairview avenue. Mother and daughter are getting along very nicely. There are now three daughters and a son in the family.

Case is Settled.

A case in which Edward Smith was charged with desertion and non-support by his wife, Hector Smith, was settled amicably before Alderman

The operation made necessary by affection of the knee, which has caused much suffering for several years, was performed by Professor De Luce of the Bordeaux University.

THERMOMETER REACHES 59;
SETS RECORD FOR FEBRUARY

Warmest in 25 Years for This Season.
Weather Observers Declare;
Tobacco Seen in Woods.

According to a statement of observers at the United States weather bureau in Pittsburgh last night, Sunday was the warmest February 21 in 25 years. The highest mark recorded in the city was 59 degrees, while the official thermometer registered Connellsville's highest mark at 53.

The maximum temperature here was 59 and the minimum 36, giving a mean temperature of 48, which was four degrees higher than the maximum on the same day last year. Three years ago on this date, it will be remembered, the coke region was in the midst of a severe blizzard and a few inches of snow lay on the ground, while the dynamiting of a bridge to allow the West Penna. trolley traffic to proceed.

Sunday is declared by many old residents to have been the most pleasant day in February in their remembrance. The weather forecaster had predicted clouds, but they did not materialize until evening and the day passed without a flaw. It might have been mistaken for spring but the small amount of spring from the snow has not yet come. Several robbers were seen by persons who strolled out Breckinck way.

Showers materialized this morning but they were of little consequence and the air continued balmy throughout the day.

REVERSES DECISION

Marshall Wins Out in Untown Tax
Collector Fight.

The supreme court today reversed the decision of the Fayette county court in the Untown tax collector case, thus establishing J. Stewart Marshall, the Democratic candidate in office.

C. C. Cramer, the Republican nominee, who was returned as elected, but the Democrats began a contest, which was thrown out in the local courts. Several weeks were taken to the supreme court.

Marshall is declared to be duly elected to the position, the ground for this decision being that the polling place for the Fourth ward, was physically constructed, was in open disregard of the requirements of the election act.

This fact was deemed sufficient to throw out the Fourth ward count regardless of whether there had been fraud committed or not.

CATTLE RUINED.

Victims of Foot and Mouth Disease
are Disposed of.

The 17 cattle and eight dogs, afflicted with the foot and mouth disease, at the farm of Fred Lehigh near Trout, were killed and buried in a large trench 24 feet long, seven feet wide and seven feet deep, this morning.

The slaughter of the animals and their subsequent burial was supervised by Dr. F. N. Sherlock, representative of the State Live Stock Sanitary Board here. So far no new cases of the disease have been discovered.

TWO DECREES IN DIVORCE
HANDS DOWN BY COURT

Eight and Final Week of December
Adjourned Term is Now Under

Special to The Courier.

UNIONTOWN, Feb. 22.—Two divorce decrees were handed down at the opening of the eighth week of common pleas court this morning by Judge Umbel. Ellen Lucetta Pike of Uniontown, No. 1, was given a divorce from Elmer M. Pike, and Rose Cooper of Stewart avenue, Uniontown, was divorced from Hugh Cooper.

Mr. and Mrs. Pike were married in Uniontown, June 21, 1903. On account of her husband's treatment of her, Mrs. Pike said that she was forced to leave him last summer. They have three children, aged 12, 9 and 6 years. According to the testimony taken before the master and made public today for the first time, Pike hit his wife with his fist, pointed a revolver at her and drew a razor on her, telling her he was going to cut her throat. Mrs. Pike testified that she supported the home by keeping boarders, and that her husband drank excessively and kept house in the house they had just married.

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LONG DISPUTE OVER
MT. BRADDOCK FARM
SETTLED AMICABLY

Frick Company Becomes
Possessor of Historic
Ground.

ACQUIRES MEASON HOMESTEAD

Building Erected in 1803 by Pioneer
of Western Pennsylvania Passes
Into Control of Big Corporation.
Building Erected in 1801 by Pioneer

By the recording of two deeds in the county recorder's office the long fight between H. C. Frick and W. J. Rainey for possession of the Mount Braddock farm and its underlying coal has been brought to a termination. By an amicable agreement which dated over a year ago, the tract has been divided. Both the Frick and Rainey interests granted concessions to each other. The Frick company is now the sole possessor of the surface land of the famous old farm, with exceptions of small strips necessary for the Rainey company to mine its coal, and the Rainey now own a divided one-third interest in the coal. There are 648.66 acres in the tract which many years ago was the old Meason farm. For a quarter of a century there has been a fight between the Frick and Rainey interests for the possession of the farm and its underlying coal, starting when William J. Rainey was living and mining with Henry C. 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MILLION DOLLAR COMBINE OF CLAY CONCERNS FORMED

Big Holdings in Somerset
and Bedford County are
Taken Over.

PROMINENT MEN INTERESTED

Pennsylvania and West Virginia De-
velopments to be Developed Under Man-
agement of New Concern; West Vir-
ginians are Head of the Concern.

The Savage Clay Products Company will be the name of a new corporation that will be formed under the laws of Delaware with a capitalization of \$1,000,000, and which will take over March 1, the properties of the Savage Clay Brick Company at Lynd-
man, Williams and Keokuk, on the main line of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad in Somerset and Bedford counties, as well as the holdings of the Freeman Fire Brick Company of New Cumberland, W. Va. The deal was closed by Alfred R. Freeman of Steubenville, O., and Arthur Schiller of Pittsburgh, representing a syndicate of Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia capitalists. Preferred stock bearing 7 per cent interest will be issued to the amount of \$500,000, the issue of common stock to be of an equal amount. It is understood that the syndicate will take practically all of both issues.

Percy Allen Rose, a leading attorney of Johnstown, is counsel for the new corporation and the deal was closed by Attorney Arthur C. Simler of the same city. The Savage interests taken over include 3,000 acres of the city, coal and other minerals in Somerset and Bedford counties, alone, which with the operation of the three plants mentioned, were owned by Attorney Rose of Johnstown.

Alfred R. Freeman, the leading spirit in the venture, is general manager of sales for the American Sewer Pipe Company of Akron, Ohio, and is secretary, treasurer and general manager of the Freeman Fire Brick Company of New Cumberland. Others interested are William H. Hefner, general manager of the Pittsburgh Brothers Company of Pittsburgh, W. Va., with general offices in Pittsburgh, one of the largest manufacturers of sheet steel and tin plate in the United States, and who is also president of the Citizens National Bank of Pittsburgh, president of the East Ohio Sewer Pipe Company, president of the Bedford Fire Clay Company of Irondale, O., and president of the Freeman Fire Brick Company of New Cumberland; W. D. Crawford, president of the Laclede Iron Works, owner of a large number of plants with headquarters in Wheeling, Albert McCombe, vice president, secretary and treasurer of the American Sewer Pipe Company, the owner of 24 plants in Kentucky, Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia; Charles H. Crawford, cashier of the Citizens National Bank of Pittsburgh; L. W. Oweeney of Steubenville, general manager of the East Ohio Sewer Pipe Company, together with Attorney A. C. Schiller of Johnstown and Arthur C. Schiller of Pittsburgh and a number of other men who are large consumers of the commodities which the new company will produce.

OHIOVILLE

OHIOVILLE, Feb. 22.—Mrs. Irwin Shipley left for Uniontown Saturday to spend a few days with relatives.

Charles Brady was a Connelleville business caller Saturday.

Mr. William Johnson was a caller in Connelleville Friday.

John Stewart was calling on business matters in Connelleville Saturday.

Mrs. Herbert Morris of Pittsburgh is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Morris near Hill Grove.

George Hall of Bear Run was attending to business matters here Saturday.

John Woodmansey of Bidwell was a caller here Saturday.

Thomas Heller of Fifth Corner was a business caller here yesterday.

Three deer were seen feeding on the hill west of the Western Maryland bridge by Austin Bryner.

Edie Hamilton, who has been ill at his home here for the past week, is able to be about.

George Stewart was a caller here Saturday.

Charles Thorpe, who is employed at Pittsburgh, spent Sunday at his home near here.

John Hochstetler, who is employed at Mount Braddock, was visiting relatives here yesterday.

Mrs. John Holt returned here yesterday after spending a few days with relatives at Connelleville.

Irwin Williams spent Saturday at his home here.

H. C. Jones, who is employed at Pittsburgh, spent Sunday at his home here.

Henry Leonard of Uniontown spent Sunday visiting near here.

John Stewart left for Connelleville yesterday to spend a few days.

Ringer Show of Connelleville was here yesterday visiting his parents.

Mrs. Edwin Linderman spent Sunday with friends.

Mrs. Edith Shoenmaker and daughter.

Quickly Relieves Without Distress

The congestion of waste and refuse from the stomach, fermenting in the bowels, generates poisonous gases that occasion distress and invite serious illness. Health and comfort demand that this congestion be speedily relieved and the food mass expelled.

The well-founded objection most people have to the violence of cathartics and purgative agents is overcome by using the combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin that is sold in drug stores under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. A dose at night brings relief next morning, without discomfort or inconvenience. A free trial bottle can be obtained by writing to Dr. W. H. Caldwell, 452 Washington St., Monticello, Ill.—Adv.

ter returned to their home in Pittsburg after spending several days with her parents near here.

Reveling meetings started in the M. T. Church last night. Quite a few people attended. The meeting is being conducted by Rev. Sellers.

INDIAN CREEK

INDIAN CREEK, Feb. 20.—Rev. William Bracken of Smithfield is holding a revival at Jones Mills. It is reported that the attendance is good and successful.

George Arabach, Frank and William Stindell and Clem Fankhauser of Mill Run are Connelleville callers today.

Mrs. John Johnson and son of Mill Run are calling on Connelleville relatives today.

Miss Moser, one of our Mill Run teachers, left for Connelleville and will spend a week at her home on account of illness.

Mrs. Charles Marietta is spending today with Connelleville friends.

Charles Nowell of Mill Run is a business caller at Dawson today.

Miss John Allen and Miss Catherine Frots of Connelleville are spending today at the home of Mr. Eberhart, near Mill Run.

Evel Stator of Mill Run is calling on Connelleville friends today.

Edward Hider left for Vandeventer this morning and will spend over Sunday with friends.

Charles Hefner of Connelleville was a business caller here today.

L. L. Marietta, extra operator, worked at town today.

Rev. Devo of Uniontown will spend over Sunday at Dawson.

Mrs. H. F. Habel and daughter of Meyersdale spent a day here with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Habel.

A. P. Doerley left for Scottdale yesterday to spend Sunday with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Alguire of Mill Run are spending Sunday with Mr. Alguire's mother at Connelleville.

The Wells Fargo Express here today checking up their agents.

It. Dunbar, second truck operator at NC tower, was bumped today by H. Y. Waterhouse. Mr. Waterhouse will resume duty here Sunday.

Jack Haul, Indian Creek Valley railroad conductor, was tossed up in his new uniform yesterday.

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA IS FIFTY YEARS OLD FEB. 8.

February 8 was the fifth anniversary of the Boy Scouts of America. The event was celebrated by 300,000 members in almost every city in the country. This movement for the making of better boys and young men has spread like wildfire. The accompanying picture shows a typical boy scout in his uniform. Scouting means outdoor life, and so health, strength, happiness and practical education by combining wholesome outdoor activities with the influence of the scout oath and law the movement develops character and worth while ability.

Chichesters Pills

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CRIPPLED WITH RHEUMATISM IS READILY CURED

Intense Pain Soon Stopped
With Inter-State Doctors
Modern Methods.

SHE COULD HARDLY WALK

Main Freed from Pain and Able to Perform All Household Duties.

Painfully afflicted with rheumatism which so crippled her that she could hardly walk, such was the condition of Mrs. G. W. Clark of 27 Thomas street, South Cumberland, Md., previous to going to the Inter-State Doctors for treatment. Mrs. Clark, by her own statement, had suffered for one year with rheumatism and for the last few months the pain was intense. She was crippled in the hip from her ailment and could hardly walk.

Mrs. Clark states further, "with one week's treatment from the Inter-State Doctors' my pain disappeared and I could walk without difficulty and at this time I can truthfully state that I am a well woman free from all pain and perfectly able to perform all my household duties."

The Inter-State Doctors at their Connelleville medical institute on the second floor of the Citizens National Bank Building, corner Pittsburgh and Apple streets, opposite the Aaron furniture store, have had remarkable success in the treatment of chronic rheumatism. Among other ailments they treat the chronic or deep-seated diseases of the nerves, blood, heart, stomach, kidneys, liver, bladder, brain, spine, including rheumatism, paralysis, epilepsy, gall stones, kidney, indigestion, constipation, neuritis, rupture, catarrh, deafness, asthma, dropsy, neurosis, emphysema, etc., and other diseases of women and of men.

The Inter-State Doctors never operate or use the knife. They employ all of their medicines from their own laboratories maintained at the institute. Their new system of medicine combines all the good points of the old individual systems of medicine, namely the allopathic, homeopathic and eclectic systems has accomplished the most gratifying results. The combined "Inter-State Doctors' treatment" is the greatest.

Consultation and examination are free to all for a limited time and the charges for treatment are exceedingly moderate, so that the poor as well as the rich may obtain the new treatment.—Adv.

CONFERENCE

CONFERENCE, Feb. 22.—A. J. Close of Johnson's Chapel, was here Saturday on his way to Connelleville to visit relatives.

The quarantine has been lifted from the house of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Kurtz, their little daughter, Lois, having recovered from scarlet fever.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reckner and family were a home here yesterday on a business visit.

John H. Haver, our oldest citizen, who has been ill for several weeks, is still getting weaker.

Mrs. J. L. Burnworth and son of Johnson's Chapel, were visiting relatives here Saturday.

Miss Pauline Burnworth of Johnson's Chapel, is visiting Mrs. Harry Goss in Ohio.

Miss Estella Null, who teaches school in Uniontown, was here Saturday on her way to Addison to spend Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Null.

Miss Ella W. W. left for Pittsburgh several days' visit with Connelleville friends.

Mrs. H. S. Snyder and child, have returned to their home at Fort Hill, after visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Brown for several days.

Jack Haul of Rockwood, visited his family here Friday and Saturday.

C. J. Broucher of the Jersey Church, was a recent business visitor to Somerset.

Dodo Humbert, who has been sick for several weeks, still continues very poorly.

Mrs. M. J. McMillan of Union, was a pleasant visitor and shopper in town Saturday.

Read The Daily Courier.

Do You Relish Your Meals?

Your food does but little good when you have no desire for it. Take one of Chamberlain's Tablets immediately after dinner. It will enable your stomach to digest food naturally. For sale by all dealers.—Adv.

DON'T SUFFER WITH NEURALGIA

Musterole Gives Delicious Comfort

When those sharp pains go shooting through your head, when your skull seems as if it would split, just rub a little MUSTEROLE on the temples and neck. It draws out the inflammation, soothes away the pain—gives quick relief.

MUSTEROLE is a clean, white ointment, made with oil of mustard. Better than a mustard plaster and does not blister.

Doctors and nurses frankly recommend MUSTEROLE for Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Croup, Stiff Neck, Asthma, Neuralgia, Congestion, Pleurisy, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Pains and Aches of the Neck, Head, Spine, Arms, Legs, Chest, Bruises, Chills, Frosted Feet—Colds of the Chest (it often prevents Pneumonia).

At your druggist's, in 25c and 50c jars, and a special large hospital size for \$2.50. You get the genuine MUSTEROLE. Refuse imitations—get what you ask for. The Musterole Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

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SECOND ANNUAL AUTO SHOW

ON THE WAY TO AUTO SHOW

PLEASURE CARS \$785 AND UPWARDS

MOTOR TRUCKS \$1,000 AND UPWARDS

FEBRUARY 22 TO 27, 1915.

THE PUBLIC IS CORDIALLY INVITED

To attend an exhibit of the leading and most up to date pleasure cars and trucks and our show will be of the same high class as the one that so thoroughly pleased thousands of visitors last year.

A NEW AUTOMOBILE FREE

To some visitor at the show and there will be a number of other new and novel features that will be sure to entertain and amuse—"something doing" all the time.

A DODGE OR BUICK AT YOUR OWN PRICE.

During this show we will offer our visitors a plan which will permit some one to purchase a Dodge or a Model C 25 Buick at their own price. We have prepared an excellent show for your benefit—Don't miss it—Admission free—All are cordially invited.

STANDARD AUTO GARAGE,

UNIONTOWN, PENN'A.

Corner Arch and Peter Streets. Both Phones.

MOUNT PLEASANT

Special to The Courier.

MOUNT PLEASANT, Feb. 22.—The stockholders of the Mount Pleasant Company held their annual election Saturday and elected John Haver of Calumet, president; E. B. Swartz, vice president; Mr. Harris of Wilkinsburg, secretary; and William Shope, treasurer. The directors are John Haver, E. B. Swartz, and P. S. Dillinger. The works is located at Calumet and the offices are here.

Miss Rachel Stoner gave a luncheon at her College Avenue home on Saturday in honor of her house guest Miss Katherine Smith of St. Marys.

Miss Ella W. W. left for Pittsburgh several days' visit with Connelleville friends.

Mrs. H. S. Snyder and child, have returned to their home at Fort Hill, after visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Brown for several days.

Jack Haul of Rockwood, visited his family here Friday and Saturday.

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Do You Know a Real Bargain When You See It?

WELL! HERE IT IS!

2,000 rolls of high-grade Wall Paper at 3c per roll; 30 different patterns from which to select, suitable for any room in the house. During our Pre-Season Wall Paper Sale.

These papers are strictly new goods and sell regularly at 6c, 8c and 7 1/2c per roll.

This special bargain, 2,000 rolls, at 3c per roll, will be on sale Monday and Tuesday, February 22 and 23 at

O. S. GETTY'S

Wall Paper Store

115 SOUTH PITTSBURG STREET

a successful operation at the Memorial Hospital Sunday.

Miss Margaret Hurst was for her house guest Miss Eleanor Irvine of Altoona.

Mrs. Abraham and daughter of Pittsburgh are the guests of Harold Abraham.

Miss Margaret Fulton and Viola Stevenson, students from Pittsburgh, are spending a few days here.

Miss Margaret Fox of Irwin spent the week-end with friends here.

Mrs. Elyand of Newberry was the guest of Mrs. Don ester, and they

spent a few days with friends in Uniontown.

Mrs. Friedline of Scottsdale was the guest of Mrs. M. S. Brinker.

Miss Mabel Stephens of the Indiana Normal is spending a few days here.

Robert Cunningham, a student at W. & J. College, is spending a few days at his home here.

Read The Daily Courier every day.

THE SOISSON.

"THE MASTER KEY" TODAY.

Paramount Pictures

COLONIAL THEATRE

H. O. KEAGY, Mgr.

Matinee and Night 2 to 5 7 to 10.30

TUESDAY

The Magnificent Dramatic Classic

"THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO"

With BESSIE BARRISCALE

and a Special Cast in 5 Acts—300 Scenes

One of Those Beautiful Paramount Photo Plays.

Admission 10c, Children 5c

THE SOISSON.

"THE MASTER KEY" TODAY.

Today the ninth series of "The Master Key" will be presented at the Soisson Theatre. It grows in interest every week and the feature today is a stirring one. Sidney Ayres appears in a two reel drama, "Her Bargain," which is a strong society drama. "The Girl and the Spy" is a fine Rex drama. The Sterling comedy, "Love and Dough," is a laugh from start to finish. Wednesday the feature today is a stirring one. Sidney Ayres appears in a two reel drama, "Her Bargain," which is a strong society drama. "The Girl and the Spy" is a fine Rex drama. The Sterling comedy, "Love and Dough," is a laugh from start to finish.

Night Coughing Strangles

Those who suffer from an exhausting night cough will be interested in the remedy recommended by a reader who says "For night coughing, I find Goff's Cough Syrup far better than anything else. It removes the irritation and tickling, and gives me great relief. I advise any 'night cougher' to try it." If you have any cough or cold or your throat is "allied up" in the morning, Goff's is guaranteed to give relief, or money back. 25 and 50c at Grocers and Druggists. No opiates.

Transmiss Notices

for sale at The Courier Job Depart-

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The Daily Courier.

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Conneltsville, Pa., under postoffice number 100, on July 1, 1895. THE DAILY COURIER COMPANY, Publishers. H. F. KENDALL, President and Managing Editor. JAMES J. DUNN, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising and Circulation Manager.

MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 22, 1915.

SABRAGE AND SANITATION.

The complaint of the Conneltsville Sanitary Company, that the company is losing money because its rates, fixed by its franchise ordinance, are too low, and that numerous literally one-horse collectors are permitted to operate in the city without payment of the annual license of \$200, is worthy of attention. A public utility company having such a direct relation to the public welfare should not be required to bankrupt itself for the public good.

The Courier is not strong on municipal ownership until it is shown to be a wise thing for the municipality, but it is prepared to state after a careful consideration of the question that the only effective remedy for garbage conditions is municipal ownership of garbage collection and disposal of garbage disposal, and the free collection and disposal of all garbage by the municipality.

The effect of this change in the system will be complete instead of partial sanitation. The people who now hide their garbage until the neighborhood reeks with rot and is ripe for epidemic will run after the city wagons and demand its removal. With complete garbage removal and other readily enforced regulations, the city's sanitary condition may be made practically perfect.

The reason of the law which requires the care and removal of garbage is the protection of the public health. If there is no protection, the purpose of the law is not fulfilled.

We recommend this question to the consideration of the city council. The removal of garbage at city expense will mean increased city expenditures, and possibly an additional city tax, but if the people are no longer required to pay the garbage man they can well afford to pay the tax collector, especially when the neighbors' premises no longer threaten him with disease, doctor bills and perhaps death itself.

PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION.

The Panama Pacific Exposition was formally opened last week and will continue in session until late in the fall. In spite of the financial debacle which swept the nation last year and the calamity of the hellish war which stamps Europe with red ruin, the San Francisco fair promises to be a fair success.

The effects of our business depression are passing in the face of the insistent demand for our products on the part of the belligerent nations, which must have food to live upon and munitions of war to slay each other with. The Tidal Cal traffic is not to our liking, neither is the emptying of our granaries, but in justice to ourselves we cannot place an embargo on one and not on the other. In spite of the paper blockade our export business will no doubt continue large enough to maintain a heavy balance of trade in favor of this country, which balance should eventually spell a large measure of prosperity.

The war will also operate to keep American vacationers at home, and having no other place to go they will naturally go to the Panama Pacific Exposition. It looks as if the San Francisco show had been saved from a receivership by the European War.

NEW TAP LINE.

The problem of water drainage has engaged the anxious thought of experts and evolved the most ingenious invention, but the most simple, cheap, convenient and certain method is that of the Conneltsville region coal firm which proposed to drain a well from the surface through the coal measure they operate and into the coal measures being operated below them. To be sure they would not get any water out of the well, but they would get the water out of their mine without any further effort. This is the very latest thing in tap lines.

Sam Clemens would confess to pay the Danbury haters' due in the famous boycott case. The American Federation of Labor is pledged to pay this due, and it is amply able to pay it. Congress has no authority whatever under the Constitution for appropriating money for this purpose, and it could by any stretch of authority do so it would be nothing a ruckless precedent.

Palmer's postoffice recommendations still sit at Washington. The Old Guard is on the way, but it has not fully arrived.

Not even the soothing suggestion of Jim Mann, that the Republicans of the 24th district nominate Henry W. Temple, present Bull Moose member of Congress, as their candidate meets with approval in Lawrence county, the home of the late Congressman Brown. The boys in that steel and iron county say they want nobody but a "Bull" Brown Republican for "Bull" Brown's place.

The Ground Hog couldn't keep it up.

The death of John Davis Price removes a landmark from the Conneltsville and commercial history of Conneltsville, and leaves Linford F. Buth the dean of the Conneltsville bankers.

The Point Marion glass coffin is not made to hold spirits.

The abandonment of the White Way project is an illustration of the fact that there can sometimes be too much light on a subject. Since the closing of the new city lighting con-

tract promising a bountiful measure of illumination, the inducement to provide a White Way at public or private expense or both lost interest.

Connellsville's credit at the bond counter is still very good.

Councilman J. Duggan is getting ready to job his probe into the books of the water company. In the meantime, nobody has offered to throw a crowbar into the wheels of the water meters.

The Allies are trying to uncork the Black Sea.

England has not announced her retaliatory move against Germany in the matter of the blockade, and probably won't if Kitchener has anything to say about the matter.

Scottdale has made a street lighting contract similar to that of Conneltsville only for a longer term. It seems to be a popular contract.

Business continues good in the Fayette county courts.

The Fairmont mining district is threatened with a subterranean blockade.

The Bureau of Mines will get its appropriation and the Ship Purchase bill will get it in the neck and everybody will get more happy.

The railroads suggest a reduction in wages. Evidently they are going to see the trainman first. This looks like an infringement upon Brotherhood copyright.

Sara Bernhart declares that she is recruited to the loss of her hair. She will have the consolation of knowing that one-legged people will be quite popular after the war is over.

Theoretical methods for manufacturing gasoline out of nothing are plentiful, but the practical kind are still lacking.

The Conneltsville fire department will assist in the work of street reform.

Dawson's retiring postmaster held the office for 17 years. The incoming postmaster is 70 years old, and he will probably be satisfied with a four-year term. The next administration will be Republican.

The express companies have extended their deliveries to the South Side. They had to compete with your Uncle Sam.

Steel is quiet but determined and coke is likewise.

Washington's Birthday

By GEORGE FITCH, Author of "At Good Old Siwash."

This is the birthday of George Washington, who tried to die 115 years ago but only succeeded in getting into the hearts of the American people.

Much stress has been laid on Washington's greatness and genius during his public career. Yet nothing which he did redounded to his glory as much as his partial death, for this one act Washington made himself a perpetual national hero. No one accuses him of having died purposely or even willingly for his own glory. Yet the most crushing blow which Washington ever dealt to his critics was by dying and compelling them to admit their slimsy months forever.

No man has ever succeeded in becoming great during his life. A man may be a patriot, a statesman, and a warm-hearted brave fighter for his country, but there will always, during his life, be plenty of oblique critics to rise accusingly and call attention to the fact that he talks too much, he is vain and proud, he is insincere, he is serving his own interests, he is a big bluff, he loves the spotlight, he consorts with thieves and crooks, on the month of December 11 years ago he drank two cocktails and that he is, when all his shortcomings are added up, a curse to civilization.

During Washington's administration thousands of Americans sat up nights thinking out new adjectives with which to describe his infamy. He was the worst abused man in America.

There will always during his life be plenty of eloquent critics.

He was denounced almost as readily as was Abraham Lincoln by the men who leaned up against his reputation later, and said with trembling voices, "We stand on the politics of that great martyr." Corning Washington was a great find in the last 10 years of the eighteenth century, and would have counted far into the nineteenth century if he had not given his critics a mortal blow by departing at the comparatively early age of 67.

From the moment of his death Washington received the united support of all his countrymen, and achieved the glory to which he was fully entitled. "That should touch us two things—first, that national gratitude is payable like life insurance, generally after death—in kind, that we should not enter too vehemently into the practice of throwing garbage at a great man who may die at any time and make us blush until our ears tingle when we review his valiant deeds for his country.

Our National Neutrality Banner



Classified Advertisements.

Wanted.

WANTED—YOUR BARBERING BUSINESS REVENUE'S Illustrated Tri-State Phone 805. L. HOYER. 20feb15

WANTED—PAPER HANGING, CALL Tri-State Phone 805. L. HOYER. 20feb15

WANTED—WOMEN CALL YOUR husbands' attention to Hoyer's ad. and assist that he call and investigate same. See ad on page 5. 20feb15

WANTED—YOU TO KNOW THAT a Plumber will do your plumbing, heating and tinning work right and reasonable. Both Phones. 16b-mon-wed-sat

WANTED—RAILWAY MAIL clerks, \$75.00 monthly. Full necessary. Frequent examinations. Sample questions from FRANKLIN INSTITUTE. Dept 351-J, Rochester, N. Y. 16b-mon-wed-tri-sat

WANTED—TO BORROW \$5000 on \$10000 improved property. 1/2% mortgage. Address R. H. CURE. 20feb15

WANTED—AGENTS—BIG PROFITS for you; handle our goods, we have fast sellers that beat them all. J. H. CHERRY & CO, 6217 Lila Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. 22feb15

WANTED—TO BUY FUR CASES centrally located men's furnishing, clothing store in this city or will lease well located store room suitable for that business. Address HENRY A. PETERBURG, Pa. 16feb15

WANTED—\$25 TO \$15 PER MONTH extra money to any eligible person without interfering with regular work. No selling. No canvassing. Positively no investment. Unemployed men apply. Address THE SHILVER-MIRROR CO., Inc., 123 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill. 16feb15

For Rent.

FOR RENT—HOUSE, E. GIBSON Avenue. Rent phone 35-R. 16feb15

FOR RENT—BRICK HOUSE WITH bath. Inquire 217 Carnegie Avenue. 16feb15

FOR RENT—TWO SIX ROOM houses with bath. Inquire TRI-STATE CANY CO. 16feb15

FOR RENT—FIVE ROOM HOUSE near Third Street. Reduced rent. Inquire KALIS BANK. 16feb15

FOR RENT—4 ROOM HOUSE, EAST Fayette street. All modern conveniences. Inquire DR. FRANCIS. 16feb15

FOR RENT—FURNISHED ROOM for gentleman. Use of bath and phone. Inquire 204 South Prospect Street. 27feb15

For Sale.

FOR SALE—4 YEAR OLD, 1000 bucky horse, buggy, harness, cheap. Call evenings, 107 E. MURPHY AVE. 22feb15

FOR SALE—180 A. IN SHARP CO. Ark. 155 A. Cult. 2 houses, outbuildings, machinery, etc. Price \$2500. Ad. W. J. RUMSLEY, Ark. 15th. Ark. 20feb15

FOR SALE—8 ROOM MODERN house, ideal location on the South Side. Can be had reasonable on easy terms. Address T. J. Carr, Conneltsville. 20feb15

FOR SALE—A 6 CYCINDER AUTO mobile 1913 model, only run about 6000 miles. Can be had very reasonable. See it at the CONNELLSVILLE GARAGE. 20feb15

FOR SALE—SPECIAL BARGAIN 120 A. in Douglas county, Mo. 17 acres in cultivation, new 4-room house, barn, bearing orchard; 28 A. in meadow and 25 A. in wheat. Price \$1850. J. R. WALLACE, Wood, Mo. 16feb15

FOR SALE—24, 220 AND 224 GOOD remick place, 12, 11, 10, 13 and 20 feet long. Also a good stock of several pigs, 3 to 15 lbs. We can make a low price on these goods. YOUTHFULITY LUMBER YARD, West Side. 16feb15

FOR SALE—RICH LEVEL FARMS near town, fine homes and money-makers; many of easy early payments. Get our list of farm bargains. S. W. WILSON & SONS, Atwater, Ohio. 16feb15

For Sale.

FOR SALE—1915 ROADSTER, 28 H. P. Electric lighting and starting. Barns, 7000. See EOLIN, Brownell Shoe Co. 16feb15

FOR SALE—30 ACRES IN CITRUS fruit section of Southwest Texas, 187 miles south of San Antonio. A bargain. For particulars address BOX 114, Conneltsville, Pa. 16feb15

FOR SALE—NINEY ACRES FARM in Georges township; 2 houses, good outbuildings. Plenty of water. Apple orchard. Moderate price, easy terms. Inquire of L. B. SWANNEY, Smithfield, Pa. R. D. No 7. 16feb15

FOR SALE—FROM NOW AND until March 1st, we will sell hardy, smooth whores at \$2.35 per hundred. All kind of farm furs, from 20c to 35c per pound the best makes. Apply J. R. HUGHES, 117 Tenth Street, West Side. 16b-22-24-27

PARLAIN—A SMALL FARM 60 acres, good house. \$12000. Own 200 acre farm \$24000. Fine Colonial home \$11000.00. Fruit and general farm 200 acres. \$25000. A dairy farm of 200 acres \$11000.00 well equipped also, etc. J. N. PLANAGAN & CO, Charlottesville, Va. 20feb15

FOR SALE—300 ACRES, TWO MILLS from railroad, half cleared, good outbuildings, half woods. Sold down to 10 acres. Home. Two barns, sheds, two good orchards. Well watered. Good markets. Surface 320, or in feet. This is the best coal and oil country. J. H. ROCHSTER, Marion County, Pa. 16feb15

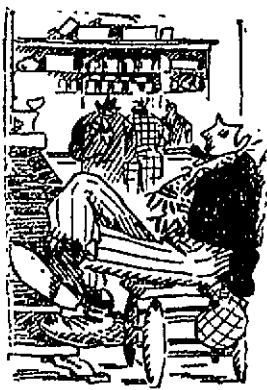
Notice to the Public.

MAY WIFE, WINONA SPROAT, KIM- mberling left her bed and board here on any just cause, all parties are hereby notified not to trust her on my account as I will pay no bills of her contracting. A. S. KIMBERLING. 16feb15

Executor's Notice.

ESTATE OF OLIN S. BLAIR, LATE of Perry township, Fayette county, Pa., deceased. Letters testamentary on the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate, to make immediate payment, and to those having claims against the same to present them, properly authenticated, for settlement. Dated at Conneltsville, Pa., this 16th day of February, 1915. WM. L. GANN, Attorney. 16feb15

Abe Martin.



It don't cost as much 't' live these days as it did thirty years ago. It's gittin' out of your class that puts you in a hole. The stranger that's start a new grocery next 't' the postoffice will be with his family 't' day an' asked which 't' most prominent church. Miss Brown Lippincott sings with the choir, but not for others ago. President pro tem seems 't' be as high as you kin git in Mexico. Miss Frank Lippincott's uncle, who is remembered here for his splendid work in a amateur performance of "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh" forty years ago, is now in the actor. Speaking of the midlife age, Mrs. Tipton had got a dozen pigs' feet by parcel post 't' day.

More Spring Goods

ARRIVE AT

Union Supply Company
STORES

This has been a great week for shoe arrivals; the new spring kinds, and it has been a great week for new clothing arrivals. The shoe stocks are for men, women and children; our own designs; made especially for our trade; all the newest styles at popular prices for men, boys, women and children. Notwithstanding the new shoes have been coming in in such great quantities, we have some heavy weights left. There is a possibility of some severe weather yet; it may be that the old pair will not hold out, and in that case you can buy at reduced prices, winter shoes. The clothing coming in is ready made men's and boy's suits; separate trousers; most anything you want in the clothing line. Very choice styles; very moderate in price. Looks rather early for spring things, and perhaps it is, but like the shoe lines, we have winter clothing yet on hand, and if there is some severe winter weather develops, we will close out the ends of the lines at greatly reduced prices. Keep in touch with the Union Supply Company's stores for good goods; for bargains; for courteous treatment.

Union Supply Company

63 Large Department Stores,

Located in Fayette, Westmoreland and Allegheny Counties.

What Is a Shoe
Bargain

You hear a lot of talk about "bargains" these times. But the truth is, a cheap shoe is never a "bargain."

WE GIVE DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR
IN SHOE SATISFACTION

When you buy Men's, Women's or Children's shoes here, you pay us no more money, but you get more reliable shoes.

HOOPER & LONG

Making Them Walk
Into Your Store

"All I ask of my advertisement," said a well-known store-keeper, "is that it will make a certain number of people walk through my store."

"The rest is up to me."

When the national manufacturer advertises his product in this newspaper he is starting people towards many stores.

If your store carries these goods and shows them properly customers will come your way.

If you neglect your opportunity your neighbor will get the business.

The live merchant nowadays keeps in close touch with the national advertising in the newspaper and trims his windows and counters in line with the news.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, COUNTY OF Fayette.

Before me, the subscriber, a Notary Public within and for said county and state, personally appeared James J. McPartland, who being duly sworn according to law, did depose and say: That he is Assistant Manager of Circulation of The Courier, a daily newspaper published in Conneltsville, Pa., and that the number of papers printed during the week ending Saturday, February 20, 1915, was as follows:

February 15	6,900
February 16	6,920
February 17	6,931
February 18	6,942
February 19	6,953
February 20	7,000
Total	41,757
Daily Average	6,959
That the daily circulation by months for the year 1914 to date was as follows:	
January	157,088 0.902
February	157,533 0.902
March	175,039 7.116
April	186,135 7.150
May	184,000 7.077
June	184,444 7.019
July	187,342 7.205
August	180,501 6.925
September	175,222 6.900
October	180,271 6.927
November	180,211 6.925
December	175,001 6.920
Totals	2,100,512 8.905

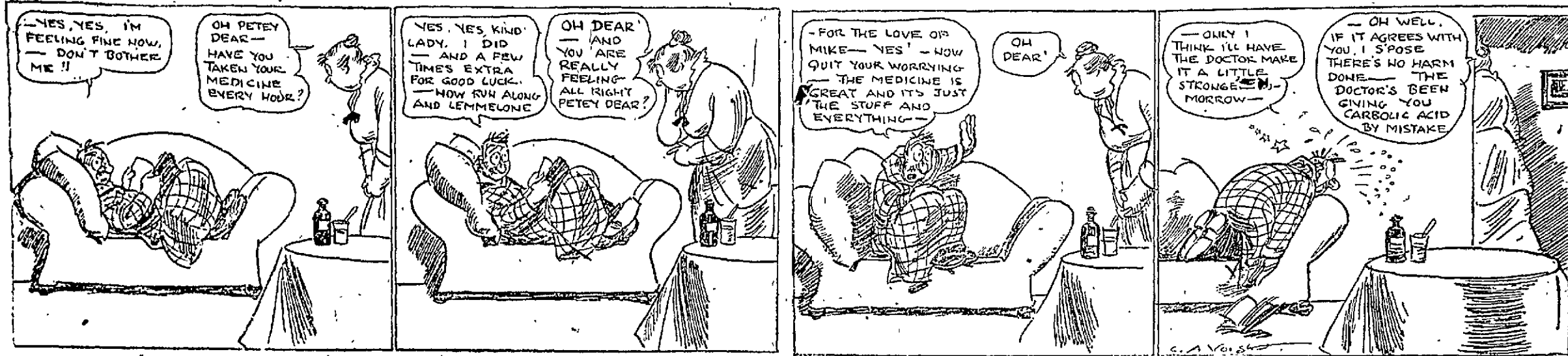
And further depose not.

JAS. J. McPARTLAND,
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of February, 1915.

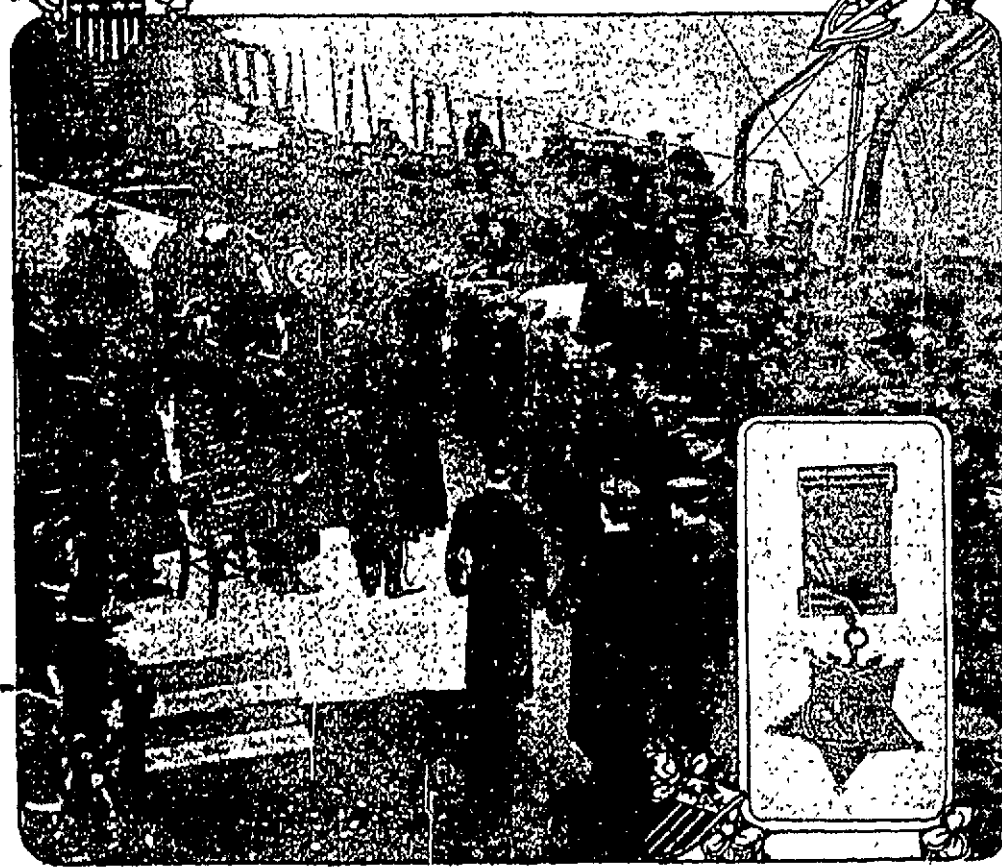
J. B. KURTZ,
Notary Public.

PETEY DINK—Nothing Agrees With Him So Much as a Dose of Poison

By C. A. Voight.



REWARDS FOR CONSPICUOUS AND EVERY DAY SERVICE IN THE NAVY



Secretary of the Navy Daniels presenting honor medals to thirteen sailors for bravery at Vera Cruz, Mexico. Presentation took place on board the battleship Florida at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. View of medal also shown.

On the afternoon of Jan. 9, 1914, there were assembled on the quarterdeck of the United States ship Florida in the presence of the secretary of the navy, the commander in chief of the United States Atlantic fleet, his staff, the captains and officers of vessels then in port and hundreds of their comrades of the ranks, who had shared their dangers and borne with patience months of tedious duty in a tropical climate, thirteen of the fourteen enlisted men of the navy who had distinguished themselves under fire at Vera Cruz, that they were to receive the much prized medal of honor. It was the tribute of the country, voted by that branch of the service in which they served, for their meritorious conduct when put to the severest test. In addressing our newest heroes at the presentation exercises Secretary Daniels said:

"The medals presented today are tokens of a grateful country's appreciation of work nobly done, of duty well performed, of readiness to face grave danger. They are given to men who by their conduct under fire have won renown not only for themselves, but for their companions in arms, their comrades who, while hoping for opportunities for themselves, yet rejoice in the good fortune of their shipmates in being where the fight was thickest, the field of service greatest, for that is the ambition of men hearing arms. And that is one of the most pleasing elements in the gratification we feel today—this readiness to extend the merit and the honor to all who wear the uniform."

"You know that the signal most prized in the fleet is the one flying from the flagship, with its letters of many colors, that something has been 'well done'; and that, while some particular one, perhaps, has won it, yet the honor is for the ship and all its crew of officers and men whose teamwork has made the winning possible."

"The blue jacket! Let us take off our hats to him in the street, for his uniform is the blue badge of courage; take him by the hand, for his hand protects our homes; treat him with respect, for he risks life, and his heart is of the finest gold."

"The medal of honor is the highest recognition any American can receive from his government. All fourteen who received the medal of honor received also a gratuity of \$100. Thirteen of them were advanced six months ago to the next higher rating, and the fourteenth man was given permission to participate in the next examinations for advancement."

All fifty-two of the other enlisted men who distinguished themselves less only than those awarded the medal of honor received letters of commendation from the navy department. Six were allowed to participate in the next examination for warrant officer, and forty-six were immediately advanced to the next higher rating than they then held.

Such are the substantial rewards the navy accords her heroes. These are, however, symbols of recognition for services that are unusual, caused generally by circumstances we strive earnestly to avoid. Through the dispensation of a protecting Providence we seldom have had to brave the dangers of the sword, and in the annals of our history the peace hero vies for distinction with the hero baptized by fire.

But before relating how Uncle Sam rewards the peace hero let us see what happens to his naval employee who acquires himself with credit in the ordinary functions of their profession. Extended service is recognized with increased pay. Every American citizen who enlists for the second time receives a bonus of \$5.50 per month in addition to the pay of his rating, and for each enlistment after the second he receives an additional bonus of \$3.30 a month.

The sick in active service receive medical care without charge. Any disabled person who has served as an enlisted man in the navy for ten years and has not been discharged for misconduct may apply for aid from the surplus income of the naval pension fund, even though he may be out of the service at the time, and after twenty years of service any enlisted man disabled from sea service by reason of age or infirmity and who has not been discharged for misconduct shall be entitled to a pension equal to half of his pay or be admitted to the Naval Home, Philadelphia, Pa.

After thirty years of service any enlisted man may be placed on the retired list if he desires with an income of three-quarters of his pay and allowances for rations, quarters, fuel and light, amounting to \$15.75 a month. For retirement all service in the navy, army or marine corps is credited.

In case of loss of life in active service the dependent relative designated as beneficiary receives such pensions as are prescribed by the law, and when disabilities are incurred in the line of duty disqualifying a man for further naval service he receives a pension allowance, regulated according to the seriousness of the injury.

Good conduct is, of course, essential

to success in every walk, and, although bad conduct (noncompliance with the regulations, tardiness and slovenly deportment) can be tolerated least of all in military professions, the men who comport themselves well during two enlistments of four years each may, upon the recommendation of their superior officers, receive the good conduct medal, which carries with it \$2 cents a month additional pay.

Good conduct is rewarded also with more frequent and extended leave than that allowed offenders of discipline. Leave is always granted to men with good records as frequently as conditions allow, and during the Christmas holidays it is extended over a

period of ten days or two weeks. The navy has always sought to lessen any disadvantages caused a sailor or his family through his temporary enforced absence from home. The presence of a postoffice on every large vessel not only makes possible frequent and prompt communication between ship and shore, but places at the disposition of men at sea the wonderful facilities of the postoffice department, including money orders. The navy also conducts an allotment office at Washington, and any sailor may allot a certain portion of his monthly pay to his family, deducting it from his salary, and it will be sent each month promptly. In this way the families of men on distant stations receive a monthly income as soon as if the relative were at home. Each month the navy disburses about \$100,000, by this method of payment.

On board each vessel, accessible to all men in the service, the navy maintains a savings bank, conducted in all respects like a savings bank ashore. Deposits are received, and withdrawals may be made, and interest is paid at the rate of 4 per cent per annum. That the sailor is a saving man is conclusively shown by the figures, \$270,077.14 being on deposit on Dec. 31 last.

Considering the hazards of the sea, the loss of life and limb is small. To those who may by extreme and heroic daring have endangered their own lives in saving or endeavoring to save the lives of others from the perils of the sea gold life saving medals may be awarded, and in cases not sufficiently distinguished to deserve recognition in gold silver medals may be bestowed. Uncle Sam takes pretty good care of his navy boys. It will be seen from the foregoing how he rewards continuous service, good conduct, bravery under fire and heroism in peace; how he nurses in time of illness and in their old age provides comfort for those who serve him long. Many avenues to pro-

motion, with increased compensation, are available to all in the service. But that is rather the subject of another story. To those, however, who are interested complete information will be sent direct by the bureau of navigation at Washington or the navy recruiting station, Indianapolis, Ind.

VANDERBILT.

VANDERBILT, Feb. 22.—Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Stoner and daughter, Catherine of Scotland, are visiting Mrs. Stoner's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Bailey over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Moore and baby of Florence Mines visited the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Moore yesterday.

Harry Harper of Star Junction, visited his uncle, J. W. Green yesterday.

Miss Sarah Patterson of Brownsville, is visiting Miss Lillburn Reed.

Miss Lillburn Reed entertained at her home Saturday evening in honor of her friend, Miss Sarah Patterson of Brownsville. Those present were Misses Mary Nevada McLaughlin, Sarah Patterson, George Moore, Ralph Bell and Harry Reed.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was entertained at a 10-cent lunch at the home of Mrs. W. A. Cosgrove on Saturday afternoon. About 45 ladies were in attendance. Mrs. Cosgrove was assisted by her daughter, Esther, Miss June Bell and Miss Lenora Beatty.

Rev. Ralph Bell is spending the week at Bryan where he is conducting revival services.

Mrs. C. L. Reed visited her son, Walter Reed, Saturday.

SMITHFIELD.

SMITHFIELD, Feb. 22.—Professor Baughman delivered his lecture "The Five World Climates" to a small audience in the town hall for the benefit of the borough schools Friday night.

Joseph Smith and William Abraham were in Point Marion Friday.

These two men and many days have been favorable to sugar makers. They have had a continuous run of several days.

Guy Ellis, Thomas and James Robinson attended a teachers' institute at Clark Saturday.

Clark Brown and Morford Guther of Morgantown spent the week-end here.

A. C. Jones was on the streets Friday for their first time since his light in the mine several weeks ago.

Clark Brown and Morford Guther of Morgantown spent the week-end here.

The postoffice was closed today only at 1 and 6 P. M.

J. L. Sutton, a teacher in Georges township school is unable to teach on account of sickness.

Dr. H. B. Guther has qualified to his liability under the income and war tax law.

G. M. Grimm is sitting up a room in his business block on Main street to be occupied as a clothing store by a party from Masontown.

DAWSON.

DAWSON, Feb. 22.—Clarence Strawn has returned to Pittsburgh, after spending Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Strawn.

Miss Anne J. Gilson has returned to California, after spending Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gilson.

Bills Gayle was a Connelville caller Saturday.

Miss Kathryn Fleming of Connelville, was a Dawson caller on Saturday.

James Forsythe of Pittsburgh, spent Sunday with relatives and friends here.

Glen Cotton of Uniontown, spent Sunday with friends and relatives here.

Mrs. Gertrude Gallatin of Donora, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Moore.

Miss Helen Belle Rush was a Connelville caller Saturday.

Miss Ida Derlinger is visiting Mrs. W. K. Derlinger.

Mrs. Flora Snyder has returned home after spending a week with friends and relatives in Connelville.

Philip Cochran and Harry J. Crawford were Connelville callers Saturday.

EXTENDS ITS SCOPE

Bureau of Mines Aims to Help Coal Consumers, Economize.

Special to The Courier. WASHINGTON, Feb. 22.—The federal government, in its attempt to be useful to the people has reached out in a new direction, in that it has just issued valuable information to the thousands of small mine firemen throughout the country, telling them the best methods of firing boilers in order to have the least smoke and to get the most heat from their plants.

The report which has just been made public by the United States Bureau of Mines, seeks to meet the needs of the mine man without a technical education, who are employed in small plants of 1,000 to 2,000 horsepower capacity, where the firing is done by hand.

The bureau tells the firemen that the best results are obtained if the fires are kept level and from four to ten inches thick according to the character of the soft coal used and the strength of the draft. The coal should be fired in small quantities and at short intervals. Leveling the burning fuel should be avoided as it means more work for the firemen and also causes clinkers to form.

Further, the bureau claims that while the fireman is leveling the fire, a large excess of air enters the furnace and lowers the efficiency. The bureau's experts say that the ash pit door should be kept open and that all regulation of the draft should be made with the damper and not with the ash-pit door. Ashes should not be allowed to accumulate as they interfere with the distribution of air under the grate. Whenever a coal shows a tendency to clinker, water should be kept in the ash pit.

If the fires are too far apart, say the experts, the coal burns out entirely in spots, allowing a large excess of air to enter the furnace. This prevents the proper mixing of the air and gases and the result is that the gases escape without burning, depriving the boiler of much heat.

NEW SWINDLE NOW

Old Spanish Prisoner Scheme Being Worked With Belgian in Role.

By Associated Press. LONDON, Feb. 22.—Scotland Yard warns the public against a new version of the old Spanish prisoner swindle. This time it is not a Spaniard who has hidden a war chest of the Carlists in a recessed mountain and awaits to come out to accept half the contents in return for furnishing him with half money. In the new version of the swindle it is a Belgian.

The Belgian, on the death of his master in the siege of Liege, fled with 20,000 pounds of bank of England notes, and now is to be seen in Spain, and will part with half of the notes to any one helping him out of the escape with a little ready cash.

A large number of these swindling letters have been sent to England, and Scotland Yard men suspect the game is also being worked in the United States.

Dr. H. B. Guther has qualified to his liability under the income and war tax law.

G. M. Grimm is sitting up a room in his business block on Main street to be occupied as a clothing store by a party from Masontown.

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COMPLETE \$5.00 OUTFIT
SELF-SHAVING SET
COUPON
PRESENTED BY THE
DAILY COURIER.
YOU'LL NEVER NEED TO BUY ANOTHER BLADE

Present the above coupon at this office, and the cost amount of expense items named below, and get this Safety Outfit that has made self-shaving popular.

\$5.00 Ready to use, all complete, contains one Safety Razor, one quick stopper, one Genuine Horse Hide Strip, Six Sharp Steel Blades, one box Very Sharp Dressing, which applied to the strap a little at a time will keep the blades sharp forever. This complete self-shaving outfit makes shaving a pleasure at any and all times. Present one Coupon with the cost amount of expense items which is only **89c**

By Mail on the Same Terms, but Include 6 Cents Additional for Postage.

PAVING SOISSON BLOCK

Soisson Building Brick
IRON SPOT ROUGH TEXTURE
GREY VELOUR BUFF VELOUR
CORDUROY REDS MOYER RED VELOUR
COMMON BUILDING BRICK
Stock on Hand for Immediate Delivery.
SEE SAMPLES AT OFFICE.
Joseph Soisson Fire Brick Co. Connelville, Pa.

Efficient Service and Courteous Treatment
Has enabled us, within the past year, to double the number of our customers. Quite a number of persons and societies, with surplus funds, who do not want to tie up their money subject to the rules of a regular 4% account, are taking advantage of our 3% accounts. If you are a customer at this bank you will always find us willing to extend any reasonable accommodation on satisfactory security.

Our Customers Always Receive the Preference.
If you have a little ready money it will pay you to open an account with us, become acquainted, and take advantage of our service.

The Colonial National Bank
of Connelville, Pa. Main and Pittsburg Sts.
4% interest paid on deposits. Foreign Department equipped to give the best of service.

MONEY TO LOAN
From \$10 to \$100 to loan on regular work on Pianos, Furniture, etc. in easy installments to suit you. Income. TAYLOR BROS. COMPANY, 207 Title & Trust Bldg. Office hours 8 to 6, open Sat. to 5.

Moving and Hauling
Moving and Hauling Pianos a Specialty. WE SELL SAND.
J. N. TRUMP,
Office 108 E. Grape Alley, Opposite P. R. R. depot. Both Phones

J. B. KURTZ,
NOTARY PUBLIC
AND REAL ESTATE
No. 3 South Meadow Lane, Connelville, Pa.

WEAR Horner's Clothing

CAREFUL SAVING
and careful spending invariably promote success. Too few realize that in order to acquire the dollars, one must take care of the nickels.

Your surplus earnings will find a safe and profitable investment in an account with the Title & Trust Company of Western Pennsylvania.

4% Interest Paid on Savings Accounts

BLACK IS WHITE

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

COPYRIGHT, 1914,
BY DODD, MEAD
AND COMPANY

His thoughts were of his father. A vast, inexplicable longing possessed his soul—longing for the affection of this man who was never tender, who stood afar off and was lonely, too. He could not understand this astounding change of feeling. He had never felt thus before. There had been times—many—when his heart was sore with longing, but they were of other days, childhood days. Tonight he could not crush out the thought of how lucrably happy, how peaceful life would be if his father were to lay his hands upon his shoulders and say, "My son, I love you—I love you dearly."

There would be no more lonely days; all that was bitter in his life would be swept away in the twinkling of an eye; the world would be full of joy for him and for Lydia.

When he entered the house that evening he was full of resentment toward his father, and sullen with the remains of an ugly rage. And now to be actually craving the affection of the man who humbled him, even in the presence of servitude! It was unbelievable. A wonderful, compelling tenderness filled his heart. He longed to throw himself at his father's feet and crave his pardon for the harsh, vengeful thoughts he had spent upon him in those black hours. He hungered for a word of kindness or of understanding on which he could feed his starving soul. He wanted his father's love. He wanted, more than anything else in the world, to love his father.

Lydia slipped out of his mind. Yvonne was not aside in this immortal moment. He had not thought of them except in their relation to a completed state of happiness for his father. In distinctly he recognized them as essentials.

"Ah, he was lonely. The house was as black as the stripes on Shober's. He longed for companionship, friendship, kindness—and suddenly in the midst of it all he leaped to his feet."

"I'm going out, gentlemen," he exclaimed, breaking in upon an unappreciated tale that Mr. Riggs was relating at some length and with considerable fervor in view of the fact that Mr. Dawes had pulled him up rather sharply once or twice in a matter of inaccuracies. "Excuse me, please."

He left them gazing with astonishment and dashed out into the hall for his coat and hat. Even then he had no definite notion as to what his next move would be, save that he was going out—somewhere, anywhere, he did not care.

Somewhat, as he rushed down the front steps with the cool night air blowing in his face, there surged up within him a strong, overpowering sense of fatal duty. It was his duty to make the first advances. It was for him to pave the way to peace and happiness. Something vague but disturbingly tormented him with the fear that his father faced a grave peril and that his own place was beside him and not against him, as he had been in all these ill-directed years. He could not put it away from him, this thought that his father was in danger—in danger of something that was not physical, something from which, with all his valor, he had no adequate form of defense.

At the corner he paused, checked by an irresistible impulse to look backward at the house he had just left. To his surprise there was a light in the drawing-room windows facing the street. The shades in one of them had been thrown wide open and a stream of light flared out across the sidewalk.

Franked in this oblong square of light stood the figure of a man. Slowly, as if drawn by a force he could not resist, the young man retraced his steps until he stood directly in front of the window. A quivering smile was on his lips. He was looking up into Ranjab's shadowy, unsmiling face, dimly visible in the glow from the distant street lamp. For a long time they stared at each other, no sign of recognition passing between them. The Hindu's face was as rigid, as emotionless as if carved out of stone; his eyes were unwavering. Frederic could see them, even in the shadows. He had the queer feeling that, though the man gave no sign, he had something he wanted to say to him, that he was literally calling to him to come back into the house.

Undecided, the man outside took several halting steps toward the door way, his gaze still fixed on the face in the window. Then he broke the spell. It was a notion on his part, he argued. If he had been wanted his father's servant would have beckoned to him. He would not have stood there like a graven image, staring out into the night. Having convinced himself of this, Frederic wheeled and swung off up the street once more, walking rapidly, as one who is pursued. Turning, he waved his hand at the man in the window. He received no response. Farther off he looked back once more. The Hindu still was there. Long after he was out of sight of the house he cast frequent glances over his shoulder as if still expecting to see the lighted window and its occupant.

As he made his way to Broadway, he went hastily bent on following that thoroughfare to the district where the night glittered and the stars were ashamed, he began turning over in his

mind a queer notion that had just suggested itself to him, filtering through the mists of uncertainty in which he had been floundering. It occurred to him that he had been awfully sentimental in respect to his father. His attitude had not changed—he was seriously impressed by the feelings that had mastered him—but he found himself ridiculing the idea that his father stood in peril of any description. And suddenly, out of no particular trend of thought, groped the sly, persistent suspicion that he had not been altogether responsible for the accusations of an hour ago. Some outside influence had molded his emotions for him, some cunning brain had been doing his thinking for him.

Then came the sharp recollection of that motionless, commanding figure in the lighted window, and his own puzzling behavior on the sidewalk outside. He recalled his impression that



He Was Looking Up Into Ranjab's Shadowy, Unsmiling Face.

someone had called out to him just before he turned to look up at the window. It was all quite preposterous, he kept on saying over and over again to himself, and yet he could not shake off the uneasy feeling.

Earlier in the evening, without warning, without the slightest encouragement on his part, there had suddenly leaped into existence a warm, tender and wholly inexplicable feeling toward his father. At first he had been amazed by this unwanted, almost unnatural feeling, which later on developed into something quite tangible in the way of an emotion, but he was beginning to realize that the real mystery lay outside of any self-analysis he could make. Like a shot there flashed into his brain the startling question: Was Ranjab's mind and not his own that had moved him to such tender resolves? Could such a condition, so possible? Was there such a thing as mind control?

An hour later Frederic approached the box office of the theater mentioned by Yvonne over the telephone that morning. The play was half over and the house was sold out. He bought a ticket of admission, however, and lined up with others who were content to stand at the back to witness the play. Inside the theater he knew the weekly against the railing at the back of the auditorium and wiped his brow. What was it that had dragged him there against his will, in direct opposition to his dogged determination to shun the place?

The curtain was up, the house was still, save for the occasional coughing of those who succumb to a habit that can neither be helped nor explained. There were people moving on the stage, but Frederic had no eyes for them. He was seeking in the darkness for the two figures that he knew were somewhere in the big, tense throng.

The lights went up and the house was bright. Men began scurrying up the aisles. He moved up to the railing again and resumed his eager scrutiny of the throng. He could not find them. At first he was conscious of disappointment, then he gave way to an absurd rage. Yvonne had misled him, she had deceived him—yes, she had lied to him. They were not in the audience, they had not even contemplated coming to this theater. He had been tricked, deliberately tricked. No doubt they were seated in some other place of amusement, serenely enjoying themselves. The thought of it maddened him. And then, just as he was on the point of tearing out of the house, he saw them, and the blood rushed to his head so violently that he was almost blinded.

He caught sight of his father far down in front, and then the dark, half-obscured head of Yvonne. He could not see their faces, but there was no mistaking them for anyone else. He only marvelled that he had not seen them before, even in the semidarkness. They now appeared to be the only people in the theater; he could see no one else.

James Brood's fine, aristocratic head was turned slightly toward his wife, who, as Frederic observed after changing his position to one of better ad-

vantage, apparently was relating something amusing to him. They were actually were enjoying themselves. Once more the great, almost suffocating wave of tenderness for his father swept over him, mysteriously as before and as convincing. He experienced a sudden, inexplicable feeling of pity for the strong, virile man who had never revealed the slightest symptom of pity for him. The same curious desire to put his hands on his father's shoulders and tell him that all was well with them came over him again.

Involuntarily he glanced over his shoulder, and the fear was in his heart that somewhere in the shifting throng his gaze would light upon the face of Ranjab!

Long and intently his searching gaze went through the crowd, seeking the remote corners and shadows of the foyer, and a deep breath of relief escaped him when it became evident that the Hindu was not there. He had, in a measure, proved his own cause; his emotions were genuinely his own and not the outgrowth of an influence for good exercised over him by the Brahmin.

He began what he was pleased to term a systematic analysis of his emotions, covering the entire evening, all the while regarding the couple in the orchestra chairs with a gaze unwavering in its fidelity to the sensation that now controlled him—a sensation of impending peril.

All at once he slunk farther back into the shadow, a guilty flush mounting to his cheek. Yvonne had turned and was staring rather fixedly in his direction. Despite the knowledge that he was quite completely concealed by the intervening group of loungers, he sustained a distinct shock. He had the uneasy feeling that she was looking directly into his eyes. She had turned abruptly, as if some one had called out to attract her attention and she had obeyed the sudden impulse.

A moment later he calmly impersonal gaze swept on, taking in the sections to her right and the balcony, and then went back to her husband's face.

Frederic was many minutes in recovering from the effects of the queer shock he had received. He could not get it out of his head that she knew he was there, that she actually turned in answer to the call of his mind. She had not searched for him; on the contrary, she directed her gaze instantly to the spot where he stood concealingly.

Actuated by a certain sense of guilt, he decided to leave the theater as soon as the curtain went up on the next act, which was to be the last. Instead of doing so, however, he lingered to the end of the play, secure in his conscienceless espionage. It had come to him that if he met them in front of the theater as they came out he could invite them to join him at supper in one of the nearby restaurants. This idea pleased him. He coddled it until it became a sensation.

When James Brood and his wife reached the sidewalk they found him there, directly in their path, as they wedged their way to the curb to wait the automobile. He was smiling frankly, wistfully. There was an honest gladness in his face, boyish face and an eager light in his eyes. He no longer had the sense of guilt in his soul. It had been a passing qualm, and he felt regenerated for having experienced it, even so briefly. Somehow it had purged his soul of the one lingering doubt as to the sincerity of his impulses.

"Hello!" he said, planting himself squarely in front of them.

There was a momentary tableau. He was vividly aware of the fact that Yvonne had slunk back in alarm, and that a swift look of fear leaped into her surprised eyes. She drew closer to Brood's side—or was it the jostling of the crowd that made it seem to be so? He realized then that she had not seen him in the theater. Her surprise was genuine. It was not much short of consternation, a fact that he realized with a sudden shaking of the heart.

Then his eyes went quickly to his father's face. James Brood was regarding him with a cold, significant smile, "as one who understands and despises."

"They told me you were here," faltered Frederic, the words rushing back riotously through his lips. "And I thought you might run in somewhere and have a bite to eat. I—I want to tell you about Lydia and myself and what."

The carriage man bowed a number in his ear and jerked open the door of a limousine that had just pulled up to the curb.

Without a word, James Brood handed his wife into the car and then turned to the chauffeur.

"Home," he said, and, without so much as a glance at Frederic, dropped inside. The door was slammed and the car slid out into the main street.

Yvonne had slunk back into a corner, huddled down as if suddenly deprived of all her strength. Frederic saw her face as the car moved away. She was staring at him with wide-open, prophetic eyes, as if to say, "Oh, what have you done? What a fool you are!"

For a second or two he stood as if petrified. Then everything went red before him, a wicked red that blinded him. He staggered as if from a blow in the face.

"My God!" slipped from his stiff lips, and tears leaped to his eyes—tears of supreme mortification. A beaten dog he slunk away, feeling himself pierced by the pitying gaze of every mortal in the street.

CHAPTER XV.

A Mother Intervenes.

Long past midnight the telephone in the Desmond apartment rang sharply. Instantly, Lydia, who had just fallen asleep, awoke with a start and sat bolt upright in her bed. A clammy perspiration broke out all over her body. She knew there had been a

catastrophe.

She sat there chattering until she heard her mother's door open and then the click of the receiver as it was lifted from the hook. Then she put her fingers to her ears and closed her eyes. The very worst had happened, she was sure of it. The blow had fallen. The only thought that seared her brain was that she had failed him, failed him miserably in the crisis. Oh, if she could only reclaim that lost hour of indecision and cowardice!

The light in the hallway suddenly smote her in the face and she realized for the first time that her eyes were tightly closed as if to shut out some abhorrent sight.

"Lydia!" Her mother was standing in the open door. "Oh, you are awake!" Mrs. Desmond stared in amazement at the girl's figure.

"What is it, mother? Tell me what has happened?"

"What do you want to know? He is on the wire. I—I— His voice sounds very queer."

The girl sprang out of bed and hurried to the telephone.

"Don't go away, mother—stay here," she cried as she sped past the white-clothed figure in the doorway. Mrs. Desmond flattened herself against the wall and remained there as motionless as a statue, her amber gaze fixed on her daughter's face.

"Yes, Frederic—it is I—Lydia. What is it, dear?" Her voice was high and thin.

His voice came jolting over the wire, sharp and querulous. She closed her eyes in anticipation of the blow, her body rigid.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," he was saying, "but I just had to call you up." The words were disjointed, as if he forced them from his lips one by one in a supreme effort at coherence.

"Yes, yes—it's all right. I don't mind. You did right. What is it?"

"I want you to release me from my promise."

"You mean—the promise—but, Frederic, I can't release you. I love you. I—"



For a Second or Two He Stood as if Petrified.

will be your wife, no matter what has happened, no matter—it isn't that! It's the other—the promise to say nothing to my father."

"Oh—oh!" she sighed weakly, a vast wave of relief almost suffocating her. "He has made it impossible for me to do so without—"

"Where are you, Frederic?" she cried, in sudden alarm.

"Oh, I'm all right. I shan't go home you may be sure of that. Tomorrow will be quite enough."

"Where are you? I must know how can I reach you by telephone?"

"Don't be frightened, dear. It's got to be that, all right. It might as well be ended now as later on. The last straw was laid on tonight. Now, don't ask questions. I'll see you in the morning. Good-night, sweetest. I've—I've told you that I can't stick to my promise. You'll understand. I couldn't rest till I'd told you and heard your dear voice. Pardon me for calling you up. Tell your mother I'm sorry. Good night!"

"Freddie, listen to me! You must wait until I—Oh!" He had hung up the receiver. She heard the whirr of the open wire.

There was little comfort for her in the hope held out by her mother as they sat far into the night and discussed the possibilities of the day so near at hand. She could see nothing but disaster, and she could think of nothing but her own lamentable weakness in shrinking from the encounter, that night have made the present situation impossible. She tried to make light of the situation, however, prophesying a calmer attitude for Frederic after he had slept over his grievance, which, after all, she argued, was doubtless exaggerated. She promised to go with Lydia to see James Brood in the morning, and to plead with him to be merciful to the boy who was so young, no matter what transpired. The girl at first insisted on going over to see him that night, notwithstanding the hour, and was dissuaded only after the most earnest opposition.

It was four o'clock before they went back to bed and long after five before either closed her eyes.

Mrs. Desmond, utterly exhausted, was the first to awake. She glanced at the little clock on the dressing-table and gave a great start of consternation. It was long past five o'clock. While she was dressing the little maid servant brought in her coffee and toast and received instructions not to awak-

en Mrs. Lyda, but to let her have her sleep out. A few minutes later she left the apartment and walked briskly toward the corner to Brood's home.

Fearing that she might be too late, she walked so rapidly that she was quite out of breath when she entered the house. Mr. Riggs and Mr. Dawes were putting on their coats in the hall preparatory to their short morning constitutional. They greeted her effusively, and with one accord proceeded to divest themselves of the coats, announcing in one voice their intention to remain for a good, old-fashioned chat.

"It's dear of you," she said, hurriedly, "but I must see Mr. Brood at once. Why not come over to my apartment this afternoon for a cup of tea and—"

Mrs. Brood's voice interrupted her. "What do you want, Mrs. Desmond?" came from the landing above. The visitor looked up with a start, not so much of surprise as uneasiness. There was something sharp, unfriendly in the low, level tones.

Yvonne, fully dressed—a most unusual circumstance at that hour of the day—was leaning over the banister rail.

"I came to see Mr. Brood on a very important matter."

"Have you been sent over here by someone else?" demanded Mrs. Brood. "I have not seen Frederic," fell from her lips before she thought.

"I dare say you haven't," said the other with ominous clearness. "He has been here since seven this morning, waiting for a chance to speak to his father in private."

She was descending the stairs slowly, almost lazily, as she uttered the remark.

"They are together now?" gasped Mrs. Desmond.

"Will you come into the library? Good morning, gentlemen. I trust you may enjoy your long walk."

Mrs. Desmond followed her into the library. Yvonne closed the door and, in the face of Mrs. Riggs, who had opened her mouth to accept the invitation to tea, but who said he'd "be a bit" instead, she narrowed his escape from leaving his note, banged the door, and the declaration, by shaking his fist at the door.

The two women faced each other for the first time since they had known Yvonne Brood. Mrs. Desmond observed a high touch of color in her cheeks. Her beautiful eyes were alive with an excitement she could not conceal. Neither spoke for a moment.

"You are accountable for this, Mrs. Brood," said Lydia Desmond's mother, sternly, accusingly. She expected a storm of indignant protest. Instead, Yvonne smiled slightly.

"It will not hurt my husband to discover that Frederic is a man and not a milkpisk," she said, but despite her coolness there was a perceptible note of anxiety in her voice.

"You know, then, that they are—that they will quarrel?"

"I fancy it was in Frederic's mind to do so when he came here this morning. He was still in his evening clothes, Mrs. Desmond."

"Where are they now?"

"I think he has them on," said Yvonne, lightly.

Mrs. Desmond regarded her for a moment in perplexity. Then her eyes flashed dangerously. "I do not think you misunderstood me, Mrs. Brood. Where are Frederic and his father?"

"I am not accustomed to that tone of voice, Mrs. Desmond."

"I am no longer your housekeeper," said the other, succinctly. "You do not realize what this quarrel means. I insist on going up to them before it has gone too far."

"Will you be so good, Mrs. Desmond, as to leave this house instantly," cried Yvonne, angrily.

"No," said the other quietly. "I suppose I am too late to prevent trouble between those two men, but I shall at least remain here to assure Frederic of my sympathy, to help him if I can to offer him the shelter of my home."

A spasm of alarm crossed Yvonne's face. "Do you really believe it will come to that?" she demanded, nervously.

"If what I fear should come to pass he will not stay in this house another hour. He will go forth from it, cursing James Brood with all the hatred his soul can possess. And now Mrs. Brood, shall I tell you what I think of you?"

"No, it isn't at all necessary. Besides, I've changed my mind. I'd like you to remain. I do not want to martyrify you any further, Mrs. Desmond, but I now confess to you that I am losing my courage. Don't ask me to tell you why, but—"

"I suppose it is the custom with those who play with fire. They shrink when it burns them."

Mrs. Brood looked at her steadily for a long time without speaking. The rebellious, sullen expression died out of her eyes. She sighed deeply, almost despairingly.

"I am sorry you think ill of me, but I cannot blame you for considering me to be a—a—I'll not say it. Mrs. Desmond, I—I wish I had never come to this house."

"Permit me to echo your words."

"You will never be able to understand me. And, after all, why should I care? You are nothing to me. You are merely a good woman who has no real object in life. You—"

"No real object in life?"

"Precisely. Sit down. We will wait here together, if you please. I—I am worried. I think I rather like to feel that you are here with me. You see, the crisis has come."

"You know, of course, that he turned one wife out of this house, Mrs. Brood," said Mrs. Desmond, deliberately.

Something like terror leaped into the other's eyes. The watcher experienced an incomprehensible feeling of pity for her—who had been despis-

ing her so fiercely the instant before. He—she still not turn me out, murmured Yvonne, and suddenly began pacing the floor, her hands clenched.



"I'd Like You to Remain."

Stopping abruptly in front of the other woman, she exclaimed: "He made a great mistake in driving that other woman out. He is not likely to repeat it, Mrs. Desmond."

"Yes—I think he did make a mistake," said Mrs. Desmond, calmly. "But he does not think so. He is a man of iron. He is unbending."

"He is a wonderful man—a great, splendid man," cried Yvonne, fiercely. "In I—Yvonne Lestrange—who proclaims it to the world. I cannot bear to see him suffer. I—"

"Then why do you—"

Mrs. Brood rushed to the roots of her hair. "I do not want to appear unfriendly to my husband, but I declare to you, Mrs. Desmond, that Frederic is fully justified in the attitude he has taken this morning. His father humiliated him last night in a manner that made forgiveness impossible. That much I must say for Frederic. And permit me to add, from my soul, that he is vastly more sinned against than sinning."

"I can readily believe that, Mrs. Brood."

"This morning Frederic came into the breakfast room while we were having coffee. You look surprised. Yes, I was having breakfast with my husband. I knew that Frederic would come. That was my reason. When I heard him in the hall I sent the servant out of the dining-room. He had spent the night with a friend. His first words on entering the room were these—I shall never forget them. 'Last night I thought I loved you, father, but I have come home just to tell you that I hate you. I can't stay in this house another day. I'm going to get out. But I just wanted you to know that I thought I loved you last night, as a son should love a father. I just wanted you to know it.' He did not even look at me, Mrs. Desmond. I don't believe he knew I was there. I shall never forget the look in James Brood's face. It was as if he saw a ghost or some horrible thing that fascinated him. He did not utter a word, but stared at Frederic in that terrible, awestruck way. I'm going to get out, said Frederic, his voice rising. 'You've treated me like a dog all my life and I'm through. I shan't even say goodbye to you. You don't deserve any more consideration from me than I've received from you. I hope I'll never see you again. If I ever have a son I'll not treat him as you've treated your son. By God, you don't deserve the honor of being called father. You don't deserve to have a son. I wish to God I had never been obliged to call you father. I don't know what you did to my mother, but if you treated her like this I'd never have married her. Just then my husband found his voice. He sprang to his feet, and I've never seen such a look of rage. I thought he was going to strike Frederic and I think I screamed—just a little scream, of course. I was so terrified. But he only said—and it was horrible the way he said it—'You fool—you bastard!' And Frederic laughed in his face and cried out, unafraid, 'I'm glad you call me a bastard! By God, I'd rather be one than to be your son. It would at least give me something to be proud of—a real father.'"

"Good heaven!" fell from Mrs. Desmond's white lips.

Yvonne seemed to have paused to catch her breath. Her breast heaved convulsively, the grip of her hands tightened on the arms of the chair. Suddenly she resumed her recital, but her voice was hoarse and tremulous.

"I was terribly frightened. I thought of calling out to James, but I—I had no voice! Ah, you have never seen two angry men waiting to spring at each other's throats. Mrs. Desmond. My husband suddenly regained control of himself. He was very calm. 'Come with me,' he said to Frederic. 'This is not the place to wash our filthy family linen. You say you want something to be proud of. Well, you shall have your wish. Come to my study. And they went away together, neither speaking a word to me—they did not even glance in my direction. They went up the stairs. I heard the door close behind them—away up there. That was half an hour ago. I have been waiting, too—waiting as you are waiting now—to comfort Frederic when he comes out of that room a wreck.'"

Mrs. Desmond started up, an incredulous look in her eyes.

"You are taking his side? You are against your husband? Oh, now I know the kind of woman you are. I

know—"

"Pence! You do not know the kind of woman I am. You never will know. Yes, I shall take sides with Frederic."

"You do not love your husband?"

A strange, unfathomable smile came into Yvonne's face and stayed there. Mrs. Desmond experienced the same old feeling she had had years ago on first seeing the Sphinx. She was suddenly confronted by an unsolvable mystery.

"He shall not drive me out of his house, Mrs. Desmond," was her answer to the challenge.

A door slammed in the upper regions of the house. Both women started to their feet.

"It is over," breathed Yvonne, with a tremulous sigh.

"Yes, shall we how well they were able to take care of themselves, Mrs. Brood," said Mrs. Desmond in a low voice.

"We shall see," said the other, mechanically. Suddenly she turned on the tall, accusing figure beside her. "Go away! Go now! I command you to go. This is our affair, Mrs. Desmond. You are not needed here. You were too late, as you say. I beg of you, go!" She strode swiftly toward the door. As she was about to place her hand on the knob it was opened from the other side, and Ranjab stood before them.

"Shall I beg to be excused, Mrs. Desmond. He is just going out."

"Going out?" cried Yvonne, who had shrunk back into the room.

"Yes, certainly. You will please excuse, Mrs. Desmond. He regret very much."

Mrs. Desmond passed slowly through the door, which he held open for her. As she passed by the Hindu she looked full into his dark, expressive eyes, and there was a question in hers. He did not speak, but she read the answer as if it were on a printed page. Her shoulders drooped.

She went back to Lydia.

CHAPTER XVI.

"To My Own Sweetheart."

When James Brood and Frederic left the dining-room nearly an hour prior to the departure of Mrs. Desmond, there was in the mind of each the resolution to make short work of the coming interview. Each knew that the time had arrived for the parting of the ways, and neither had the least desire to prolong the suspense.

The study door was closed. James Brood put his hand on the knob, but, before turning it, faced the young man with an odd mixture of anger and pity in his eyes.

"Perhaps it would be better if we had nothing more to say to each other," he said, with an effort. "I have changed my mind. I cannot say the things I thought I would."

"Has it got anything to do with Yvonne and me?" demanded Frederic ruthlessly, jumping at conclusions in his now-found annoyance.

Brood threw open the door. "Step inside," he said in a voice that should have warned the younger man, it was so prophetic of disaster. Frederic had touched the open door with that unhappy question. Not until this instant had James Brood admitted to himself that there was a sore and that it had been festering all these weeks. Now it was laid bare and smoldered with pain. Nothing could save Frederic from that reckless, deliberate thrust at the very core of the malignant growth that lay so near the surface.

It had been in James Brood's heart to spare the boy.

Hot words were on Frederic's lips. They were alone in his room. He squared his shoulders.

"I suppose you think I am in love with her," he said defiantly. He waited a moment for the response that did not come. Brood was regarding him with eyes from which every spark of compassion had disappeared. "Well, it may interest you to know that I intend to marry Lydia this very day."

Brood advanced a few steps toward him. In the subdued light of the room his features were not clearly distinguishable. His face was gray and shadowy; only the eyes were sharply defined. They glowed like points of light, unflinching.

"I shall be sorry for Lydia," he said softly.

"You needn't be," said Frederic hotly. "She understands everything."

"Have you told her that you love her and no one else?"

"Certainly!"

"Then you have lied to her."

There was silence—tense silence. "Do you expect me to strike you for that?" came at last from Frederic's lips, low and menacing.

"You have always considered yourself to be my son, haven't you?" pursued Brood deliberately. "Can you say to me that you have behaved of late as a son should?"

"Wait! We'll settle that point later. I did lose my head. Head, I say, not heart. I shan't attempt to explain—I can't, for that matter. As for Yvonne—well, she's as good as gold. She understands me better than I understand myself. She knows that even honest men love their heads sometimes. I can say to you now that I would sooner have cut my own throat than to do more than envy you the possession of one you do not deserve. I have considered myself your son. I have an apology to make for my—we'll call it infatuation. I shall only admit that it has existed and that I have despised. As God is my witness, I have never loved any one but Lydia. I have given her pain, and the amazing part of it is that I can't help myself. Naturally, you can't understand what it all means. You are not a young man any longer. You cannot understand."

"Good God!" burst from Brood's lips. Then he laughed aloud—grotesquely.

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